

EXHIBIT A

March 24, 2022

The Honorable Frank D. Whitney
United States District Court Judge
401 West Trade Streety
Charlotte, NC 28202

Dear Judge Whitney,

My name is Kevin Faulkenberry, and I am a counselor in Rock Hill, SC. I have been working with Hudson Hamrick for the past 5 months, serving as his therapist in relation to the offenses he committed in the past. Hudson and I generally meet each week in Rock Hill in order to address his mental health concerns. Much of our work centers on Hudson taking accountability for his actions as well as putting interventions into place to ensure that he does not become more involved with the legal system.

I have found Hudson to be very engaged and willing to participate. Hudson is very open and ready to discuss his actions and the drivers behind his previous illegal actions. Hudson has been able to identify several factors which contributed to his offenses and has worked diligently to develop healthier and positive coping skills moving forward. It is my belief that, given his progress in our sessions, he has developed the skills, language, and support necessary to assist him in avoiding any further legal charges in the future.

Hudson has also taken positive steps to become more involved with his community and family structures. He has developed a relationship with two of the colleges in town to identify a path forward to further his education and fulfill several of his educational-related goals. Hudson has also developed stronger relationships with other providers in town, as well as family members, which will provide him with the support and structure that he will need moving forward as well.

I look forward to continuing my work with Hudson in the future. If you have any further questions or concerns, please contact me at 803-412-5795.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Kevin L. Faulkenberry, LISW-CP". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Kevin L. Faulkenberry, LISW-CP

• Meghan Campbell • 1816 Fairlawn Court, Rock Hill, South Carolina 29732 •
• 803.493.0613 • mbcampbell88@gmail.com •

24 March 2022

The Honorable Frank D. Whitney
United States District Court Judge
Charles R. Jonas Federal Building
401 West Trade Street
Charlotte, North Carolina 28202

Honorable Judge Whitney,

My name is Meghan Campbell, and I am an English teacher at a public high school in South Carolina. I have known Hudson Hamrick since preschool, and we have maintained a strong friendship throughout our childhood, adolescence, and adulthood. Our mothers were friends, we attended many of the same schools, and we lived in many of the same cities, so my friendship with Hudson evolved naturally through family, school, and local connections. I know Hudson very well; he is present in some of my earliest childhood memories, and we continue to make memories together as adults. I have watched Hudson grow and develop into a stellar student and devoted friend, but I have also seen him struggle with mental illnesses far beyond his control. I know that my friend has made some mistakes in his life, but he has learned from those mistakes, and he is a better man for them. Hudson is a thoughtful, kind, generous person who is

an excellent student and a talented artist; unfortunately, sometimes his good nature is shadowed by his mental illnesses and past mistakes.

Hudson and I went to many of the same schools, and we enjoyed playing together as children, studying together as teens, and navigating life through college together. Hudson and I were best friends as small children as we gained our foundational education in our preschool and elementary classes and played outside for hours on the weekends, discovering the world around us. Hudson was always a bright, cheerful, fun-loving kid, and we shared something that bonded us together for life: we both have very curious minds. As high school students, Hudson and I were always comparing ourselves to one another with our GPAs and our rankings in the class; we participated in honor societies and service clubs together, and, because our class ranks were so close, we were nearly always paired. Hudson and I put time and effort into our studies, and we bonded over our love of learning and our unquenching thirst for knowledge. Our academic rigor earned us spots at College of Charleston where Hudson studied art and I studied English. Hudson and I frequently studied together, listened to our favorite music, walked around King street, went to the beach, and fantasized over who we would be when we “grew up” never knowing how quickly these youthful plans can change. Through all of these years of intertwining paths, Hudson and I grew up together and became the adults that we are today.

Becoming an adult is difficult for even the most stable person with the bombardment of bills, taxes, careers, relationships, and other overwhelming responsibilities, but, to be a person who suffers from mental illnesses, adulthood can seem daunting at best and, at worst, impossible. After our many years attending the same schools and living in the same places, mine and Hudson’s life paths diverged in young adulthood, but we still kept in touch and met up whenever we could. As young adults, I witnessed Hudson struggle with his mental illnesses and gradually

shift from the bright, optimistic friend of my youth to the paranoid, unstable friend of my adulthood; the genuine, kind-hearted, loving Hudson was still there, but I knew that he was having a hard time navigating the medications, routines, and therapies to manage his mental illnesses. When Hudson and I would meet up, we always had a great time regardless of his situation, but he would tell me how many doctors he was having to visit to calm his anxious, overactive, often confusing mind. Despite his many attempts to treat his mental illnesses, Hudson struggled to find a routine that consistently worked for him, and he found the trials and tribulations of adulthood to be overwhelming.

Even though he was battling his own inner demons, Hudson was always there for me when I needed him. I went through a rather traumatic separation and divorce experience, and Hudson was one of the first friends to be by my side, to listen, to console, and to take my mind off of my reality. We enjoy the same music, so we would listen to music for hours and talk about my situation and his mental illnesses, our mutual friends, our families, and everything in between. Oftentimes, we would just talk about our favorite bands and dissect the lyrics to our favorite songs to free ourselves from our personal struggles. Hudson was there when I needed a friend the most; he understood my circumstances, and he never judged any of my decisions or emotions. Hudson rarely allowed his mental illnesses to detract from his kind, generous spirit as a devoted friend, but his mental illnesses did color some of his life choices.

Our lives are crafted by the choices we make, but some choices are more difficult than others based on a person's circumstance. Regardless of Hudson's kind, gentle nature, his mental illnesses hindered him from keeping a consistent routine which made it extremely difficult for him to attain and maintain a stable job. However, with adulthood comes the responsibility of paying bills. Therefore, he made some poor decisions when it came to funding his life. Hudson

knows what he did was in error, and he has grown from this experience. He is diligently working to combat the symptoms of his mental illnesses by seeking the medical attention he needs, and he even enrolled in an academic program at a local university. Hudson deserves to be able to make the right choices in his life, and this experience provides for him a fresh start; a new beginning that will allow him to get the professional help he needs to assuage the symptoms of his mental illnesses through medication and therapy so that he can manage a consistent routine to attain a stable job and become a functioning, productive member of society.

Thank you for your time and consideration, Your Honor.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Meghan Campbell". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Meghan Campbell

Long-Time Friend of Hudson Hamrick

1816 Fairlawn Court

Rock Hill, SC 29732

803.493.0613

mbcampbell88@gmail.com

March 22, 2022

Tammy Chitwood Dove
1510 Museum Road
Rock Hill, South Carolina 29732
803-323-9510

The Honorable Frank D. Whitney
United States District Court Judge
Charles R. Jonas Federal Building
401 West Trade Street
Charlotte, North Carolina 28202

Dear Judge Whitney,

My name is Tammy Dove. I work at Sherer Dental Laboratory in Rock Hill, South Carolina. I am an administrative assistant and have been employed with this company for thirty eight years. I am Hudson Hamrick's aunt. Hudson's mother and myself are sisters.

Hudson has a very good relationship with his family. When our father was very sick he would take on the responsibility of helping take our father to doctors appointments in Charlotte. He also spends time with our mother doing things with her since our father has passed away. We enjoy Sunday's lunch together with our family and he is always cooking and participating with the meals.

Hudson went to the College of Charleston and graduated with a double major. He also studied one semester abroad in Japan. While he was at college he had an internship in the art department. When he graduated he went to France to work with his wood working skills. Then he returned back to the college and started working full time in the art department. He worked for about one year and then one of his professors asked him to go work with him in New Jersey finishing up some wood working for a friend.

Hudson returned from New Jersey and things seemed different for him. He could not focus and was distance and to himself.

Hudson's parents became concerned about his well being and seeked out medical attention for him. He has been on medications to help him. He has hrs good days and hrs bad days but he finally seems as though they have found the right medications for him.

When all this happened Hudson was in a bad place. He was making bad choices and decisions. What happened was totally out of character. We have never had anything like this to happen in our family it has played a toll on everyone. I feel as though Hudson would not do anything like this again because of the shame and disappointment this has caused.

Hudson will be a productive member of society if he continues with his medications and seeing his doctors. He plans on returning to college and furthering his education. I hope and pray he has another chance to persue these things.

Sincerely,
Jannay Dore

The Honorable Frank D. Whitney
United States District Court Judge
Charles R. Jones Federal Building
401 West Trade Street
Charlotte, North Carolina 28202

Dear Judge Whitney,

My name is William B. Chitwood, and I am the uncle of Hudson. I've been around Hudson since he was a baby and probably at various times even changed a diaper or two. My son, Elliott, and Hudson spent lots of time together as they grew up and were separated in age by only six months. They were inseparable when they were together, and I guess you could say that they were best "buds". Not only were holidays and special occasions spent together, but because we lived in the same town, just about any free time we all were around each other...playing video games, football in the front yard of Mawmaw and Pawpaw's house, going to baseball games, and so on. With that being said, we all were together quite a bit into their teenage years.

I hope you don't mind, but I think I need to provide some idea of the environment that Hudson grew up in. Fortunately, he was raised where both his mother and father were present, and from what I witnessed, they were always loving, nurturing, encouraging and positive. Sure his parents played a large role in Hudson's formative years, but just as important was the impactful relationship that was shared between Hudson and his grandparents...Mawmaw Bobbie and Pawpaw Bill. Both Hudson and Elliott spent many hours and days at their home. Sometimes it was just the two grandsons there with their grandparents—getting on Mawmaw Bobbie's last nerve, and Pawpaw Bill "letting boys be boys". There were life's lessons taught there not only through spoken words, but most learned through observation, living by example and "actions speaking louder than words". Pawpaw Bill taught them the value of family and hard work...that you earn your own way in life. Mawmaw Bobbie taught them about sacrificial love and forgiveness. In addition, their grandparents preached about getting an education as they themselves did not go beyond high school, yet they raised and provided for their family—Mawmaw working at Celanese and Pawpaw with his small landscaping and grading business. Many times Pawpaw provided opportunities for all the grandchildren at an early age to work with him and get paid for their efforts.

Together Hudson's parents' and grandparents' lessons and examples paid off. He graduated from high school, then graduated from the College of Charleston and then had opportunities to study abroad in Japan and France...always excelling at any assignment. After graduating from the College of Charleston, he soon went to work there and continued to pursue another passion of his—woodworking. His skill went beyond just pounding nails, and it evolved into fine furniture building. This passion turned into a desire to leave his employment, and he moved back home to start his own business building furniture.

By this time Pawpaw and Mawmaw were into their 70's and not as nimble or agile as they used to be, especially when it came to driving in the Charlotte traffic attempting to make it on time for Pawpaw's doctors appointments. Just like his grandparents took care of him when he was younger, it was now time for Hudson to take care of and help them. Because aunts and uncles were still working, and cousins were away or still in school, Hudson would take over some of the driving duties. His kindness and love for his grandparents was obvious. It wasn't just the chore of driving that mattered, but most of all it was the time he was able to spend with them...his actions speaking louder than saying "I love you".

Now about the "forgiveness" lesson taught by his Mawmaw. I have to share with you that the grandchildren's Pawpaw was a changed man. Early in our lives as children, there were family struggles brought on by Pawpaw's drinking and bad habits. It was very difficult for us as children, but more so for Mawmaw. She basically was a single mother trying to provide for her four small children and making effort to keep things together. This life lasted for nearly 18 years before Mawmaw finally made the decision to leave and take her kids with her. After having been gone for nearly a year, Pawpaw came to the realization that what mattered the most to him was having his family back. It was Mawmaw's grace and forgiveness that gave Pawpaw a "second chance" to make things right. If it wasn't for that opportunity to be a family again, the grandchildren possibly wouldn't have been able to see him in a new light.

I say all of this to hopefully make a point about Hudson's character as a grandson and the potential he has as a young man. From a family perspective, what Hudson was involved with was totally out of character and a shock to us all, and we are still stunned and saddened. How does something like this happen with someone who is so intelligent, has a loving family and moral upbringing? No one in our family has ever had any exposure to legal issues or court systems; however, we do know what is right and what is wrong and acknowledge that what was done is wrong. We are not asking for anything to be swept under a rug, to be taken lightly or for Hudson not to face any consequences, and we fully understand that you have a huge amount of responsibility in carrying out your duties. What we do ask and hope for is that Hudson be given somewhat of a "second chance" when your decision is made and with that an opportunity in the future to make things right.

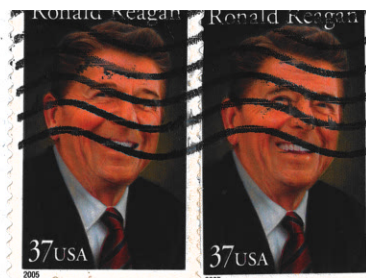
I apologize for the lengthy letter, and I thank you for your time to read it and totake all of our family's letters and comments into consideration.

Respectfully,


William B. Chitwood

3955 Huttons Lake Ct.
High Point, NC 27265

GREENSBORO NC 270
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26 MAR 2022 PM 4 L



Received
Federal Defenders of

MAR 29 2022

Western North Carolina
Charlotte NC

First Assistant Federal Public Defender
Federal Public Defender For The Western District of NC
129 West Trade Street, Suite 300
Charlotte, North Carolina 28202

28202-530675



March 20, 2022

RE: Hudson E. Hamrick
Sentencing date: 3/30/2022
00219-FDW-DCK-1 USA v. Hamrick

The Honorable Frank D. Whitney
United States District Court Judge
195 Charles R. Jonas Building
401 West Trade Street
Charlotte, NC 28202

Dear Judge Whitney:

I am writing this letter on behalf of Hudson Hamrick. Hudson is my nephew by marriage. I have known Hudson since 1993 when he was a small child.

Hudson is an extremely bright individual graduating from both High School and College with honors. Not only is Hudson bright, but his talents are amazing. He is an artist having had art commissioned by The College of Charleston, he is an amazing carpenter (he built us a kitchen table that is gorgeous) and one of the best cooks I know. One of the things Hudson loves most is cooking for family and friends. At a recent engagement party for his cousin, Hudson stood the entire time cooking for guests to ensure they all had something to eat. Hudson loves to create unique culinary dishes with "out of the ordinary" ingredients.

Personally, I was shocked to hear of this offense. I would never in a million years have guessed that Hudson would do something like this. I don't even think Hudson himself believed he could or would ever do something like this. I can only ask the courts to show mercy on Hudson to allow him to make whatever restitution needed to make this wrong right. Our family is very tight knit and supportive of one another.

Thank you for any consideration you can give him.

Sincerely,

Cindy Chitwood

Cindy Chitwood

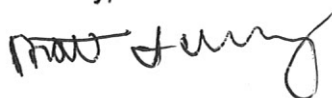
Dear Judge Whitney,

My name is Matt Schavey, and I am a portfolio manager at Barings in Charlotte. I have known Hudson Hamrick since high school. Also being from Rock Hill, my parents went to high school with his parents. Hudson and I also went to high school together, and maintained a friendship during college. We became roommates three years ago, and lived together for two years from March of 2019 through March of 2021.

Hudson was a good friend to me when I desperately needed one. I went through a tough separation/divorce in 2018-2020, and Hudson was a mutual friend to both my ex-wife and me. He showed genuine kindness and compassion to both of us during this difficult time in our lives. Hudson is an incredibly smart and caring individual, but I have seen him struggle with drug and alcohol addiction, and this likely played a role in his criminal behavior. I truly believe the root cause of many of his troubles stems from his mental illnesses. He has been to multiple doctors and inpatient facilities, but nothing seems to work for him, at least not in a sustainable fashion. I believe a large reason he turns to drugs and alcohol is to numb the pain that these mental issues cause him. I do believe that Hudson could one day be a productive member of society, but in order for that to happen, he needs to have his mental health issues addressed. I do hope that you take his psychiatric issues and needs under consideration while reviewing his case. I care for Hudson, and truly hope he can work through these issues and live to his full potential one day.

Please do not hesitate to reach out if you have any questions.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Matt Schavey", written in a cursive style.

March 25, 2022

The Honorable Frank D Whitney
United States Court Judge
Charles R Jonas Federal Building
401 West Trade Street
Charlotte, NC 28202

Dear Judge Whitney

My name is Karon Hamrick Jones. I am currently the Banking Analyst in the Finance Department of the Cato Corporation. Our corporate office is in Charlotte, NC.

Hudson Hamrick is my nephew. He is my brother's son and we have lived in the same city since Hudson's birth. We have shared a lot of family birthdays, holidays and general family gatherings. His father is my only sibling and we are a very close family. Hudson has always attended our family functions. He and my children are very close in age and love each other very much. Hudson's parents have always invested time with their children. It is evident to all that are around them how close the family is. Hudson is a kind and respectful young man. Hudson received very good grades all throughout high school. I was certain that very high profile jobs were in his future. He graduated from the College of Charleston in 2012. He took employment at the college as an administrator for the studio art department. He also worked in the wood shop. He is a brilliant artist. I have also seen some of the furniture pieces he has made; beautiful pieces of furniture.

Family members began to see changes in Hudson; he was becoming withdrawn and slightly distant. He moved to New Jersey with friends in the summer of 2014. He later returned in October of 2014 and began working with his Dad on a flip house. They moved and remodeled this home. I was not told of the exact changes in him but I knew his parents were becoming worried and had reached out to medical doctors with him. By 2015 he became unable to work or focus on much of anything. His parents had assisted with getting him in with a psychiatrist. His parents stuck by him on this roller coaster ride known as Bi-Polar Depression.

I truly believe the trouble Hudson finds himself in is directly related to his illness. I have never known him to be someone that would take advantage of anyone. I do know that he became unable to spend time around crowds of people and at times would stay in bed for days. The really highs and compulsive behaviors along with the really lows were now his normal. I hate this terrible disease that was taking this otherwise joyful, loving, giving young man. Without the reality of this disease, I believe his crime would not have happened. I feel the focus on treatment of this disease is a much better alternative to incarceration. Him and his family desperately need good treatment options. I have no doubt that his family will see him through this journey. I beg for leniency for this young man.

Sincerely,



Karon H. Jones
299 Plantation Road
Rock Hill, SC 29732
803-417-3303

Dear Judge Whitney,

My name is Zachary Mallard, and I am writing to you today on behalf of my friend, Hudson Hamrick.

I am a thirty-two year old Experiential Developer living in Brooklyn, New York. Prior to this, I built a small start up from 2013 that I ultimately sold to partners in 2018. Before my life in New York City, I grew up in Rock Hill, South Carolina, where I attended high school with Hudson before we went on to study alongside one another at the School of the Arts at the College of Charleston in Charleston, South Carolina. During this time Hudson and I were housemates for a number of years. In total I have known Hudson and the Hamrick family just shy of twenty years. Through these two decades, Hudson has at times been my closest friend, and at others my most challenging rival; placing our relationship in the emotional holy ground often reserved for those called family.

In my freshman year of high school, my brother, Nate, started attending a youth group at the local Methodist church that the Hamrick family attended. I began attending as well, and myself, Hudson, and our two older brothers became close friends.

After high school, Hudson and I attended The College of Charleston where he was in the first graduating class of the International Studies major while also majoring in Studio Art. His work was always amazingly crafted, showing attention to details others wouldn't, painstakingly working at a pace not oft seen in the halls of "art school".

Hudson and I both worked for the college's art department. Hudson was the shop foreman for the new painting building and spent many (paid and unpaid) hours in there helping put the space together and teaching younger students how to use the equipment safely to construct their own panels and frames. He was joyful doing this.

In these years he learned Japanese and went on a summer abroad to hone his language skills and learn more of the beautiful woodworking

tradition that comes from there. He was a constant learner, and continually pushed me and those around us to be better.

He also was beginning to display serious signs of alcoholism, as a binge drinker. He never let it interfere with his work, but he certainly had a drive to drinking, one I've learned is present in Hudson's family tree.

After college we decided to go abroad together using a program called WOOF (Work on Organic Farms) where we effectively traded our labor for tutelage in English woodworking methods. This was in 2011. We learned a lot there. I fell in love with a woman (as 21 year olds do) and left, but Hudson stayed on and became even more comfortable working with wood. I believe it was here that he decided to build his own shop.

So, after returning from France, Hudson set out to build his own woodshop in the back yard of his family home. An impressive hanger that any artisan would have loved to have called their own. I believe it was here that he began first taking stimulants, prescribed or otherwise, to try and get it all together and begin making custom furniture. He spent long hours in his new shop, like many artists and craftsmen do, simply getting the shop arranged. As an artist myself I know how "maddening" this work can be.

It was at this time he first confided in me about hearing voices. I do not know why or how Hudson arrived at schizophrenia / a manic reality, but my speculation is this- his genetic disposition for addiction coupled with a genuine full steam ahead work ethic triggered a deeper mental health issue, manifesting in Hudson becoming obsessive. His actions that have brought him before you are, in my eyes, symptomatic of his illness.

I believe that now, while receiving proper medical attention, Hudson understands that his ideas of effectively exploiting Amazon to later get hired by them to help their loss prevention is a thought of a sick person. Hudson is a smart, kind, and hard-working man. He is also living with mental illness. His illness will create barriers to having a life he probably dreamt for himself, one that you "expect" when you graduate cum laude and travel the world by twenty two. This barriers being as they may, I do not believe his illness will prevent him from being a useful and worthwhile member of society. He needs help, which he is getting, and that the state may be well served to oversee. I do not believe that incarceration is helpful.

I know Hudson Hamrick has a great deal of love in his heart, and believe he understands the reality of his illness now. He now sees the issues and errors of his actions, after coming back from mania. If he can remain in a healthy and supportive environment I believe that he can be an upstanding member of the community.

Thank you for your time.

Zachary A. Mallard
March 29th, 2022.